

## **The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Lancashire.**

Once upon a time, in the quaint town of Accrington, there stood an old and revered establishment known as the Spinning Jenny Club. Nestled within its walls was a theatre lounge, a place where patrons gathered to immerse themselves in the magic of live performances and captivating stories. However, an eerie presence lurked within the lounge, shrouding it in an air of mystery and intrigue.

The tale of the Chilly Room had been whispered through generations, passed down as a chilling legend. Visitors who dared to enter this particular room experienced an inexplicable chill that cut through their bones, regardless of the soaring temperatures outside. It was as if an unseen entity delighted in sending shivers down the spines of those who crossed its threshold.

The poltergeist, as it came to be known, revealed in its mischievous nature. Lights flickered and dimmed unexpectedly, casting eerie shadows that danced on the walls. Performers found themselves enveloped in darkness at the most inopportune moments, their acts disrupted and the audience left bewildered.

Word of the paranormal activity spread, attracting the curious and the brave who sought to witness the ghostly phenomena first-hand. Skeptics dismissed it as mere superstition, while believers yearned for proof of the supernatural. Among these seekers of truth was a group of intrepid investigators determined to unravel the mysteries of the Chilly Room. Led by Dr. Amelia Hartley, a renowned parapsychologist, the team embarked on a daring expedition into the Spinning Jenny Club. Armed with state-of-the-art equipment and unwavering determination, they aimed to capture evidence that would either debunk the tales or confirm the existence of the poltergeist.

As the investigators stepped into the theatre lounge, a sudden drop in temperature sent a collective shiver down their spines. Their breath hung in the air, forming ethereal clouds amidst the chilling atmosphere. Dr. Hartley's heart quickened with anticipation as she sensed a powerful presence surrounding them.

Setting up their equipment, the team meticulously documented their findings. EMF meters flickered, capturing spikes of paranormal energy that defied logical explanation. Temperature sensors recorded dramatic drops in the room's ambient heat, leaving the investigators in awe. The poltergeist seemed to be playing with them, revealing in their pursuit of the truth.

Hours turned into days as the team tirelessly delved deeper into the mysteries of the Chilly Room. Sleep-deprived and on the edge of exhaustion, they refused to surrender to fatigue. They were driven by the desire to uncover the truth, to shed light on the inexplicable.

Then, on a fateful night, as the investigators meticulously reviewed their data, an eerie presence permeated the room. Lights flickered, casting elongated shadows that seemed to dance in unison. The team's anticipation reached its zenith as they watched the room come alive with supernatural energy.

And there, in the midst of the ethereal glow, a form materialized—an apparition suspended between the realms of the living and the departed. The investigators gasped in awe and disbelief, their skepticism shattered in an instant. The poltergeist revealed itself, a specter of forgotten tales, eternally bound to the Spinning Jenny Club.

Through their extensive research, the investigators pieced together the fragmented story of the poltergeist. They discovered that the entity was once a renowned performer who had met a tragic end within the very walls it now haunted. Its longing for the spotlight and the applause of an enraptured audience had transcended death, resulting in a restless spirit seeking solace within the theater lounge.

As the years passed, the story of the Chilly Room spread far and wide, drawing visitors from near and far. The Spinning Jenny Club became a destination for those seeking encounters with the paranormal .

**By Donald Jay**